
Title: Yew Times #22

Author: Yew Town Council

[CURRENT NEWS]
=====

FRUITCAKE REVELATION BEGS SECOND LOOK

Fruitcake; it's been around for years, but how much do we really know about this familiar holiday treat? Recent findings have revealed information that may startle the public, namely where it is made.

Surprisingly, no new fruitcake has been produced in the last 200 years. As a matter of fact, all fruitcake received as a gift is never consumed, but in fact is repackaged and re-gifted again creating an endless cycle of fruitcake circulation. It would not be so surprising to consider then that possibly the first incident that pushes Mondain towards the dark side was the receiving of a holiday fruitcake, and his first evil act being the rewrapping and re-gifting of that same fruitcake to another unfortunate individual. Historians are still looking into the matter, but we are sure that many of fruitcake's mysteries have yet to be unlocked and revealed. Only time will tell.

MAN WALKS OUT OF
GOLDEN FANG CASINO
PRACTICALLY NAKED
AND IN TROUBLE:

The Britannian Gaming Commission reported today of a man who frequented the Golden Fang Casino with the intent to claim it big, was reported throwing fits of rage when the dealers would say the words "Sorry, Please Play Again". It was also reported that one of the dealers after saying those words had accidentally tipped off his staff and a beautiful display of fireworks enveloped the building. The man reported by bystanders became furious, and started removing high-end clothing and pawning it to the dealers for another hand at blackjack. Bearing himself down to his shorts, the man punched one of the dealers in the face after he lost his last piece of clothing to his misfortune, broke a few bottles of alcohol, and stole a High Roller Chest Piece, running from the casino repeatedly saying the words: "Sorry, Please Play Again" The man was last seen entering the Malas Woods near Luna with only shorts on, and a High Roller Breastplate equipped. If you have seen this man please contact The Britannian Gaming Commission and Ace in the Hole, owner of the Golden Fang Casino for Reward information, if the man is apprehended and the prized High Roller Piece is returned.

GRIM REAPER'S TALE

At this festive time of year, many holiday tales regale themselves as families sit around their trees and drink their favorite festive beverage. Thomas Morley had one for more of a ghoulish holiday tale that would not find the village children all nestled in their beds. He cautioned those who venture into the forest near the dungeon Shame to watch for the "reaper". No, not the reaper whose cloaked in dark curtains of gloom but the talking tree who promises great fortune only to deliver an eminent evil for anyone who partakes of it's resources. Thomas's eyes filled with tears as he told the tale of the little boy (his great-great-great grandfather).

It was a Christmas Eve so long ago, the young boy ventured out into the forest looking for the perfect Christmas tree to decorate and bring about the holiday. As he searched he heard a voice calling to him, 'little one, come here.' the hushed whisper beckoned. As he approached cautiously, the large tree's limbs began to move about in a dance with the wind as it's willing accompaniment. The tree promised the boy that should he partake of its natural resource, it would bring peace and goodwill to all it touched. The young lad then reached for the juiciest apple, imagining the delicious apple dumplings his mother would create.

As he spiraled the apple
in his fingers, the
reaper's bellowing roar
tore through the air as
a bolt of lightning burst
from the tree, marking
the apple with a bright
hue of green to its
rotund frame for but a
moment before turning
red again. The boy ran
home with the apple
safely snug in his satchel
but told no one about his
encounter. When he
returned that evening to
the warmth of his
family's kitchen, he
positioned the apple at
the very top of apple
bowl to be used in the
holiday festivities the
next day. His mother, a
very kind soul, would
make pies for the whole
village, a tradition they
fulfilled every year. That
holiday would not be one
of good tidings and joy,
for all the children that
year were afflicted with
a rare skin disorder that
caused a red stain to
appear on the left side
of their face. No one
knew the cause of the
affliction but one. The
young boy knew in his
heart that the reaper
had lied about its
benevolent motivation. He
armed himself with his
largest axe and set out
to chop this tree down,
but when arriving at the
spot he had chanced upon
the large tree, he found
but an empty patch that
appeared more like a
gravesite. As the years
moved on, the young boy
grew into a man whose
demons caused him to
move on from city to
city, never long enough to
make a home. The guilt
he carried ate at him....
Nightmares were a

foreboding partner
especially when the
holidays neared. One
holiday season he met a
young beautiful lady,
Grace whose lovely voice
graced the local saloon's
venue. The sight of her
face caught one's breath
until you met her gaze
and found the tortured
look within her eyes. As
he sat down in the
tavern, fresh brew in
hand, the soldier seated
to his left, began a tale
much like his own
regarding this beautiful
siren. At the mention of
a "dancing tree with
beguiling ways", the young
man's interest was piqued.
The young girl had
encountered it as she
played in the woods one
Christmas Eve as she
swung upon its branches
and sung her favorite
carol. The reaper made
yet another unfulfilled
promise of goodwill and
cheer from anything made
from its resources. The
eager child ran to her
father, a local wizard and
begged him to make her
a wooden lute from the
tree's bark. He could not
refuse. The next morning
as the families filled the
local church for a service
of Christmas Cheer. The
father strummed the lute
and the little girl's voice
hummed along. One by one
each parishioner arose
from their pew, a blank
expression adorning their
face. To the father and
daughter's surprise, the
crowd moved to the edge
of a nearby cliff and
jumped. As their song
finished and scene
unfolded, it was clear
they were the only ones
to survive. The father
took the lute and

watched as the flames
danced about it, never to
be strummed again. He
returned to the sight of
the "dancing tree" to find
it still there. Its swaying
branches attempted to
wrap its arms around
him, he ducked and
skirted around to its
rear, brandishing a large
ax he chopped the tree
down and uttering the
words to a curse. To
this day no one knows
for sure if the tree was
wiped from existence or
carried on in another land
to bring about its evil
ways. For the wizard
returned the next day to
burn the stump, and quell
his daughter's fear to
find, an empty hole,
devoid of any roots or
remnant of the tree. It
is told that the wizard's
curse caused the "dancing
tree" to atone for all its
evil by ridding the world
of its worse sinners.
Hence, the executioner's
prop... A lone stump for
which the errant soul
rests for their last sleep

[ADVERTISEMENTS]

We've all done it.
There's a tempting
chestnut roasting in the
hot coals, and no way to
safely reach it, but you
try for it anyway. Ouch!
Put the days of third
degree burns behind you
with the Catspaw (R).
The Catspaw (R) is a
cast iron claw with a
reach of 3 foot, which
even gets to the most
inaccessible chestnut. So
whether you like chestnut,

acorns, cashews or
almonds, the Catspaw (R)
is there to help pull your
nuts out of the fire.
Great for gift giving or
for personal use and
available in most
provisioner shops this
Christmas.